

BEARDSLEY QUILTS FIGHTING SHERIFF AND GOES TO JAIL

Spirited From His Home Fort
Before Dawn, While Posse
Is Still on the Watch.

IS PLACED IN PRISON.

Surprise for Officers, Who
Hear Five Hours Later of
Happening—Children Home.

MAYVILLE, N. Y., Jan. 21.—Edward Beardsley, the Chautauque County outlaw farmer, was locked in a cell in the county jail here to-day after having stood off between forty and fifty deputy sheriffs besieging his home near Summer Dale for more than a week. Beardsley laid aside his rifle, unstrapped his cartridge belt and surrendered peaceably to Charles Backus, an attorney and hotel man of this place, at 4 A. M. to-day, but after being housed at the hotel of Backus displayed another outbreak of warlike spirit when a deputy arrived to take him to jail.

As the deputy entered he closed with him after a scuffle, during which Beardsley was roughly handled, he was overpowered.

Although Backus had been appointed a Deputy Sheriff by Sheriff Anderson, the surrender was entirely without the knowledge of the latter, Beardsley having bargained secretly with Backus.

Sheriff Anderson and his posse maintained their guard five hours after the surrender, not knowing that Beardsley had voluntarily gone to jail.

Beardsley turned his firearms over to Ray F. Pickard, a Jamestown lawyer retained by his brothers. Pickard is now in charge at the Beardsley farmhouse.

COULD HAVE HELD OUT WEEK LONGER, SAYS BEARDSLEY.

"That Sheriff is rotten. I could have held out another week if I had enough fuel," was Beardsley's sharp criticism of the county guardian.

The Beardsley children are still in the cabin on the hill in charge of their grandmother, Mrs. Edith Austin, of Youngville, Pa. It has not been arranged when they will be removed to Mrs. Austin's home in Pennsylvania.

The "arrest" of Beardsley leaked out gradually and caused much surprise, for it was not expected that he would surrender before late to-day, as he had agreed to do. But it was thought advisable by his legal adviser and brothers to bring him into Mayville as quietly as possible to avoid demonstration.

To add to the comedy features of the whole affair, just before Beardsley left his "fort" he fired a shot to intimate to the Sheriff's posse that he was on duty and watchful.

After Beardsley was spirited away the Sheriff's posse continued their watchful duty, not knowing that their bird had flown to Mayville.

Beardsley is an undersized man, rather slim, but muscular. He wore a rough workingman's shirt, heavy trousers and high boots. The man is not an ignorant, uneducated farmer, as might be imagined. He talks with ease and fluency of his troubles. He was at one time a teacher and a preacher of a humble sort, and his conversation is that of a man who is not without recognition of the fact that he knows exactly what he is talking about.

Beardsley before going to jail was served with a warrant charging him with assault in the first degree in having shot G. W. Putnam, Overseer of the Poor of Chautauque County, with intent to kill. Locked in his cell no one was allowed to see him.

Beardsley's "capture" came after eight days of open defiance of the law and his effective defense of "Fort Beardsley," as his farmhouse stronghold came to be known, dwindled into a burlesque with the outlaw in the principal role. He would not allow any one to see and talk with him except the Sheriff, and he turned his notoriety into money by the sale of autograph postal cards, posing for photographers and moving picture man. He boasted that Sheriff Anderson would never "take" him.

A week ago Thursday Beardsley shot Overseer of the Poor Putnam as the

Women to Wear Fewer Clothes Than Ever; Bucks Bare Almost to Waist Latest Fashion



Dresses Will Be Cut Low in the Neck and Skirts Split to the Knee, According to the Forecast of 1914 Fashions.

The Woman Who Wishes to Be the Last Word of Fashion Must Dye Her Hair Green and Wear Green Gloves.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

Where will woman leave off leaving off? This spring, at any rate, she will wear fewer clothes than ever. A frock cut down to the waist in the back and up to the knee in front, a suit of tights, alippers and silk stockings—there you have a complete fashionable outfit, according to Paris and Fifth avenue.

Sometimes I wonder how the world ever contrived to amuse itself before it discovered the supreme luxury of revelation. Confessing is a more popular pastime than tangoing. And though the average woman has neglected to furnish herself with a career sufficiently lurid for exposure, she can always publish her shoulders and ankles.

A little while ago there were repeated asseverations that the slit skirt was really and truly going—going—gone. Yet the spring models are nearly all slit. Apparently, however, some persons feared that women might actually be covered up from the waist down. Therefore it's open season for corsets.

blasts from the moralists were proved futile long ago, and north winds are no more successful.

PARIS WOMEN WEAR MUFFS ON THEIR LEGS.

"Muffs for the legs are a novel fashion accompanying the unusually long spell of bitterly cold weather still prevailing in Paris. The mode of the slit skirt and the fairlike shoe led many smart Parisian women to take severe colds, even while only crossing the pavement from a heated motor car to the door of a restaurant or theatre. The leg muff, which is designed to remedy this, is a silk legging lined with fur, which can be drawn on over a light shoe and comes above the knee. It is taken off at the same time as the opera cloak and left in the cloakroom."

When I visited a noted Fifth avenue establishment and showed these tidings to H. Bauer I found him not at all surprised. Moreover, he showed me pictures of modes which fully illustrated every statement of the French couturier.

"All sorts of gowns will be cut very low in the coming season," he said. "The ballroom or the opera is not any longer reserved for the wearing of décolletage. Women who are fashionable will wear on the street bodices and one-piece frocks cut down to a point many inches below the throat."

"Apparently the craze for wearing as few clothes as possible is undiminished. The petticoat is still banished from the wardrobe of the up-to-date woman. Only the half-portion petticoat is now worn. This consists of accordion-pleated silk hanging from the garter, to which it is fastened, and it is worn with the slit skirt to give some sort of drapery to the lower limbs while the woman is walking."

"It is really impossible to wear anything more bulky under the modern skirt. The dresses this season will fit the body more snugly than ever, leaving room, in some instances, for nothing but a glove-fitting suit of tights. On the other hand, corsets that are long over the hip and short above it will be used with the buffon skirt."

This skirt is one of the newest features, and may really be described as a modernized Dolly Varden. It fits tightly around the natural waist line, almost squeezing the waist, in fact. Then it billows out into three puffs, one above the other, between waist and knees.

THERE IS A SUGGESTION OF THE BUSTLE.

The suggestion is that of a prodigious series of bustles. It is true that the bustle is returning, although not exactly as we used to know it. Instead of being an artificial pad, it consists rather of an extra fullness in the skirt itself, puffing out from the waist line and gathered or weighted at the bottom to keep it in place.

"All the fullness in the skirts, however, will be kept at the top. That is the real reason why the slit will be seen in so many models, despite an effort to do away with it. The favorite position will be in the middle of the front, or in the middle of the back, not on the side. Walking in which is most difficult and dangerous in a skirt which is narrow around the bottom and which is not slit. The critics might remember this."

"Of course, if women wore wider skirts it would not be necessary to slit them and to evoke so much criticism," I suggested. But the designer was now interested in another topic.

"Green and yellow will be the most popular colors this spring," he announced, "and the woman who wishes to be the last word of fashion must dye her hair green and wear green gloves."

At least we are given fair warning: COLORS TO INDICATE THE SEASONS.

Tired of life at seventeen, Lawrence Goldberg jumped from the roof of the seven-story apartment house at No. 201 West One Hundred and Twelfth street early to-day and was instantly killed in the courtyard below. His body was found by his sister.

Goldberg lived with his father, Reuben, who is in the clothing business, and his sister, Elizabeth. His health was good, according to his relatives, but he didn't take much interest in anything.

The boy was out of employment. He was last seen alive by the members of his family when he left the flat at 7.30 o'clock last night, presumably to pay a visit in the neighborhood. He did not return to the flat, but during the night made his way to the roof, stuffed a handkerchief into his mouth and jumped over the edge.

A letter addressed to the boy's father and sister was found in his coat pocket. He recited a belief in his right to do as he pleased with a life that had grown tiresome to him and asked that as little money as possible be expended on the funeral. He would have used a revolver had he possessed one, he wrote.

Goldberg's sister says the case of the sixteen-year-old girl who tried to kill herself in the Bronx yesterday because she had failed in her school examinations. Young Goldberg considered that his business talents and ability had not been adequately recognized by his employers.

"Green and yellow are the daffodil colors," he continued, enthusiastically. "They will bring the suggestion of spring flowers. As spring advances into summer, the sweetest shades of red and pink and purple will be much worn."

"Another flowery suggestion is to be found in the petticoated skirt. It has been given that name because it is composed of stitched, pointed folds placed over each other in close imitation of the petals of a rose."

"The leg muff is of course a cold weather fad, but it is really being worn in Paris. I have not yet seen it in New York, but there is no reason why it should not be adopted if we have another period of biting temperature."

"The evening gowns are more cut out than ever. Some are cut to the waist in the back. Others are lacking for inches under the arms. Most of them haven't even so much as a tassel to serve as a sleeve. A goodly number are arranged in a one-sided effect of network. At a little distance the corage appears entirely undraped on one side, although a thin lining is of course used under the network."

"All the new materials are particularly thin and transparent," concluded the designer.

The art of how to undress has apparently a very bright future.

JUSTICE AMEND BETTER.

Jurist Who Was Stricken on Beach Returns to Work.

Supreme Court Justice Edward R. Amend, who was seized with an attack of vertigo while on the beach yesterday, returned to his duties today.

In Trial Term Part XII of the Supreme Court, Justice Amend was able to return to the court room to-day after being treated by his physician. He is entirely recovered. It was said at his home at No. 28 Seventy-fourth street this morning.

Judge Amend was taken to his home after he was stricken, but he did not long recover from his illness. He has returned from his vacation.

The woman's arrival there was the first word which her daughter, Miss Isabella Aprian, had had of her since yesterday morning. Then Mrs. Aprian reported her mother's absence to the police of the East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street station and an alarm was sent out for her.

Mrs. Aprian was questioned in the hospital to-day, but she could not tell how she had spent the time yesterday after leaving the Presbyterian Hospital nor how she had happened to fall into the river.

BOWERY STAGES KILLING JUST LIKE OLD-TIME DAYS

Ex-Convict Seeks "Squealer"
With Gun and Intruder
Pays His Life.

MURDER ENDS A ROW.

Another "Gyp the Blood"
Turns Up and Takes a
Hand in Killing.

At the northeast corner of Second street and the Bowery stands a typical east side saloon, familiarly known as "The Tub of Blood." The private room at the side of the bar is barely furnished, containing a few tables and chairs and an automatic piano.

Last night four women and a man were drinking in this room when three other men entered. One was a Jew and the other two Italians. One, a man of small build, had all the appearance of a flash gangster and was known as "Gyp the Blood," a title he had assumed since his prototype had been put away in Sing Sing for the murder of Rosenthal.

The three newcomers sat at a table placed against the wall and were joined by Tommy Murphy, the man who had been drinking with the women. When drinks had been served the Jew began talking excitedly. He was just home from Elmhurst, he said, and was looking for the man who had given him away to the police. He flashed a gun and swore that he'd kill the "squealer" when he found him.

Murphy, who was a big Irish-American, began to laugh and declared that the Jew hadn't enough nerve to shoot a rabbit.

CALLED MURPHY A "SQUEALER" AND POINTED GUN.

Jumping to his feet, the Jew broke into a torrent of abuse against Murphy.

"You are a squealer yourself," he shouted, and flourished the gun at Murphy's head.

J. J. Crilly, proprietor of the saloon, and his bartender, Joseph Mera, rushed into the room, and Crilly snatched the gun from the Jew. For a few minutes a sullen peace prevailed between the quartet, and then the Jew got up and went into an adjoining apartment. Thither Murphy followed him, and proceeded to beat him with his fists. The Italians, who endeavored to interfere, also came in for punishment from the Irishman.

The Jew, meanwhile, slipped back into the room and regained possession of his gun.

Murphy, apparently satisfied with his victory, invited the others to resume their seats while he called for further refreshment. But more hot words arose and the Jew again flourished his gun at Murphy, who dared him to shoot. The Jew sat down and, putting the gun under the table, passed it to "Gyp the Blood," who, in turn, passed it to the other Italian.

This man stood up and flashed the weapon at Murphy.

STAGGERED TO THE DOOR AND FELL DEAD.

Murphy jumped to his feet and sent his glass crashing into the Italian's face. At the same moment a shot rang out and Murphy staggered back with a bullet in his body. He made another effort to get at his assailant, only to receive a second dose of lead. He reeled round and staggered heading to the door of the bar, and reached it just as a third bullet struck him. Thereupon he sank to the floor and died.

The place was deserted when the police arrived on the scene, save for the corpse of Murphy, Crilly and the bartender. Crilly, a clean-shaven, smooth-spoken man, who has somewhat the appearance of a priest, professed ignorance as to the identity of his customers. Three of the women who had witnessed the shooting were soon in the hands of the police. They described themselves as Mrs. Grace Quentel, No. 28 Second street; Mrs. Gillen, same address, and Miss Helen Powers, No. 141 East Fifteenth street.

At 2 o'clock this morning the police arrested the fourth woman, Mrs. Elizabeth Ward, No. 108 East Seventh street. These women declared that they did not know the men who took part in the drama, but the police have information that they were drinking with them before the shooting took place.

VICTIM OF SHOOTING HAD BAD RECORD.

The theory that Murphy was a "squealer" is discounted by the police. They believe that the shooting was merely a sequel to the quarrel. Murphy, himself, had not a very clean record and had been up in Auburn. The man who did the shooting is supposed to be a member of the "Zump."

At Fountains & Elsewhere

Ask for "HORLICK'S"

The Original and Genuine Malted Milk

The Food-drink for All Ages.

At restaurants, hotels, and fountains. Delicious, invigorating and sustaining. Keep it on your sideboard at home.

Don't travel without it. A quick lunch prepared in a minute. No limitations. Just say "HORLICK'S" and in any milk.

SMITH-GRAY FIRM, BIG CLOTHIERS, IN RECEIVER'S HANDS

Oscar A. Lewis Named to Take
Charge of Four Stores
and Factory.

Oscar A. Lewis was appointed to-day as receiver for the stores of Smith, Gray & Co., retail clothing firm. There are two stores and a factory in Brooklyn and two stores in Manhattan. The receivership is incidental to proceedings in involuntary bankruptcy instituted in the United States Courts of Brooklyn and Manhattan.

Nelly D. Moore and George Fadden, as executors of the estate of Millard B. Smith, who was at the time of his death president of the company, are the leading petitioners. They have a claim for \$65,000 money loaned. The Brooklyn stores of Smith, Gray & Co. are at Flatbush avenue and Fulton street and Broadway and Bedford avenue. The Manhattan stores are at Broadway and Warren street and at Fifth avenue, between Twenty-seventh and Twenty-eighth streets. There will be no interruption in the business, which will be carried on by the Receiver under bonds of \$50,000.

The liabilities of the firm are alleged by the petitioners to amount to \$470,000. The books of Smith, Gray & Co. show quick assets of \$175,000, merchandise worth \$350,000, small items amounting to \$37,000, property at Broadway and Bedford avenue, \$110,000; machinery, fixtures, automobiles, etc., \$125,000—a grand total of \$817,000.

Jones, McKinney & Steinbrenner, No. 215 Montague street, Brooklyn, counsel for Smith, Gray & Co., issued the following statement this afternoon relative to the failure:

"The petition in bankruptcy was filed as a precautionary measure for the absolute protection of every creditor. An examination of the books and accounts of Smith, Gray & Co. will show a surplus of assets over liabilities."

gang, so named after Rocco Piccielli, alias "Zump," and the police say "The Tub of Blood" was their headquarters.

The other members of the gang were Stephano Cantanaro, John Rizzo, alias "The Chicken," Anthony Baldi, alias Burke, and Alfred Lohman, alias Smith. Smith and Rizzo were arrested in Lindhurst, N. J., on Sept. 22, last year, after a series of bomb explosions. They made a confession implicating the man named above as the other members of the gang, and these in turn confessed to exploding over forty bombs in New York City and also to the murder of Charlie Lem, who was slain in his laundry, East Houston street, in August, 1912.

The four prisoners were arraigned before Coroner Healey and at the request of Assistant District Attorney Skinner were sent to the House of Detention as material witnesses.

The \$25,000 stock of matozoos was destroyed and the damage to the building was estimated at about \$20,000.

DEPUTY CHIEF LALLY ON THE SCENE; SENDS THIRD ALARM.

Back ran out and notified the night watch at the headquarters of Trunk Company No. 124, two floors above an alarm was sent in from that station and Battalion Chief Maher, who responded, sent in a second alarm. Deputy Chief Lally, commanding the Brooklyn department, came after the second alarm and he sent in a third.

Ambulances from the Eastern District and Williamsburg Hospitals came with apparatus responsive to the third alarm. The tenants of the adjacent buildings were got out without accident, although many did not stop to dress. They were sheltered in the vicinity. Fully 1,000 spectators gathered in the streets to watch the fire, which burned through the roof and ate its way to the first floor of the two-story bakery.

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ACKER, MERRALL & CONDIT

EST. 1870

Company

Practise economy---obtain

the best at lowest prices

CHEESE—Full Cream—very choice old—lb..... .21

CHEESE—Roquefort—finest imported—lb..... .35

LIEDERKRANZ CHEESE—large cake..... .12

A domestic product of excellent quality, preferred by some to Camembert.

CORN—"1820" Brand—Small, sweet kernels—natural flavor; large tin..... .12

ORANGES—California Navel—Sweet and Juicy—doz. .24

WE WILL CONTINUE TO SELL THIS WEEK

EGGS, Fresh Selected Doz. 39c

Doz. 39c

Doz. 39c

Doz. 39c

BROOKLYN FIREMEN ALMOST DROWNED IN DEEP AREAWAY

Battalion Chief Maher and Five
Men Are Saved By
Ladders.

HIT BY "SNAKY" HOSE.

Bread Valued at \$25,000, Prepared for Jewish Holidays, Is Destroyed.

Battalion Chief Patrick Maher and five members of the Brooklyn fire department were nearly drowned when they toppled into an areaway filled with water alongside the Eastern Matzoth Baking Company's building at No. 122 and 124 Second street, which was affre early to-day.

The areaway was unprotected by a railing and was in some degree when the six men dragged a hose forward, intending to thrust it through a side window. The next instant they were floundering in the water, trying to keep afloat and wrangling with the hose, that thrashed them about like a b. J. angry snake. All were hurt. They were, besides Chief Maher, Capt. John Grant of Trunk Company No. 105; head out and leg wrenched.

Lieut. Daniel Clark of Engine Company No. 214; leg wrenched. Fireman Walter Parenteau of Engine Company No. 217, contusion of the back and leg wrenched.

Fireman John P. Fackner of Engine Company No. 237; two fingers split and leg wrenched.

Fireman Andrew Crowley of Trunk Company No. 105; incensed only. In addition to the injuries named, all the men swallowed so much water that they were made ill.

The fire was discovered by Aaron S. Bock, a member of the baking firm, when he arrived at 4.30 o'clock.

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Don't Let Your Stomach Trouble You

When you feel miserable, run down, have a bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue and frequent headaches, it is a sure sign that your stomach, liver and bowels are not in order and need a good, thorough cleansing at once.

EX-LAX

The Delicious, Laxative Chocolate

will cleanse your system in a natural, healthy manner, without pain or griping. Ex-Lax will relieve your bowels of the undigested waste matter, and in several hours your head will be clear and your eyes will sparkle.

One 10c box of Ex-Lax is enough to convince you.

Get it at your drug store to-day. 10c, 25c and 50c